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THE

*Engl. Theatre
Vol. 40.*

Faithful Bride
OF
GRANADA. *K*

A
PLAY.

As it is Acted at the

Theatre Royal

In DRURY-LANE,

By Her MAJESTY'S Servants.

by W^m Tavernier

L O N D O N,

Printed for James Knapton, at the Crown in St. Paul's Church-Yard, William Turner, at the Angel at Lincoln's-Inn Back-Gate, William Davis, at the Black Bull in Cornhill, and Bernard Lintott, at the Middle-Temple-Gate in Fleet-street. 1704.

Price 1 s. 6 d.



PROLOGUE.

WE're mightily afraid this Play won't do,
For here's no Farce, nor yet no Gaudy Show:
Nor is't Larded or'e with Luscious Wit,
To please the Side-box Beaux, or pamper'd Cit.
Here's no grim Scandal to assault the Fair,
With Thought Offensive, or mark'd Character.
What's worse, the Play does other Faults afford,
Our Author dares not say, That Safe's the Word.
In this, alas, he owns one cursed Blot,
He has what you are sure to damn, a Plot:
And that you Modern Criticks still detest,
He who like Maiden Plots, can please you best.
But when our Author wrote, he did intend
To please himself, for that was all his End.

There-

*Therefore, ye Criticks, save your snarling Dooms,
For the next foul Penitent that comes ;
Who thinks to have his Play upheld by Rant,
Or else to please you with a Harlots Cant.
He writes without th' expence of Hope or Fear,
Whether you like or not, he does not care.
You here may damn or save, he'll never mind it ;
To you he leaves it ; Take it as you find it.*

E P I

EPILOGUE.

IN such a strange Licentious Age we Write,
That Tragedy is Bumbast, and Satyr Spite.
Plays should reform, and Satyr should correct,
But modern Wits the Ancient Rules neglect.
A loose Extravagant oft obtains your Praise,
And the bold huffing Heroes share the Bays,
Tho' little to the Purpose either says.
Sure we've 'scap'd the Informers Inquisition;
The Disease is bad, and he a damn'd Physician:
Him no Motive does to Reformation lead,
But want; he swears because it gets him Bread;
He culls the Ill, and earns from thence his Food;
He, with mending, he's ruin'd if the World is good.
No, great Examples shall reform the Stage:
Must we learn Manners, from the vilest of the Age?
A vertuous Queen with her bright glorious Court,
Shall give the Muse her Theme, and shall the Muse support.
A Queen will every Heart and Tongue inspire,
And vertuous Lays Tune every generous Lyre.
The Pride of Nature is the British Fair;
We aim at Angels when we Copy her.

D R A-

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Abdolin, <i>Prince of Granada,</i>	Mr. Mills.
Abinomin, <i>Son to Ozmin,</i>	Mr. Wilks.
Oliman, <i>A Villain,</i>	Mr. Thomas.
Ozmin, <i>Father to Abinomin,</i>	Capt. Griffin.
Selim,	Mr. Bickerstaff.
Albovade,	Mr. Husbands.
Abafs, <i>A Slave to Oliman,</i>	Mr. Fairbank.

WOMEN

Zelinda,	Mrs. Rogers.
Abenede,	Mrs. Knight.
Zaida,	Mrs. Kent.

Soldiers, Priests, Servants, &c.

Scene *GRANADA*

THE

(1)

THE
Faithful Bride
OF
GRANADA.

ACT I. SCENE A Castle.

Enter Oliman.

Olim. **I** Heard the dismal screaming Sound ! 'twas murder !
And that which makes Mankind with horror start,
Charm'd my relentless Ears ; yes, proud *Ozmin*,
Now thou hast dearly paid thy causeless scorn,
Thy Heart's best Blood, repairs thy base Tongues wrong !
Zelinda, fairer than those beautiful Maids,
Our Prophet paints ; *Zelinda* shall be mine !
At least her Father can no more oppose,
My Mountain Slave, my faithful true *Abafs*,

B.

By his dispatch secures my future Joys.

Enter Abafs : His Scimiter drawn and bloody.

Welcome, bold *African* ; thy Face is veil'd
In Sooty black ; so are thy Purposes :
Confirm my fatal Hopes,
And say, thy Scimiter is stain'd with Blood ;
The Blood of *Ozmin* !

Abafs. Tis so.-----

Ol. Oh ! Let me clasp thee with a fierce Embrace,
Thou darling Instrument of just Revenge !
Ozmin was my Kinsman ; from the Spring
Our Noble Warlike *Zegree* Line arose :
Nor is't my fault Fortune's Ebb is low ;
The Great shou'd learn to prize daring Merit.
For howsoever depress'd, Revenge is ours.
Had *Ozmin* thought his Daughter had been mine,
Himself alive, and safe, but after Death
Instruction comes too late——

By Heaven ! the safe contrivance crowns the Work ;
When for my service, he deny'd the Charmer,
I stiff'd all my Rage, fawn'd like a Slave,
Begg'd he wou'd forget my high presuming.
He did : I, at that moment, seal'd his Death.

Abafs. My Lord, he is not dead !

Ol. Ha !

Abafs. Nor can he long Survive.
When we had drawn him off to view a Breach,
Feign'd at the end of this same Castle-wall,
As with a narrow Eye, he sought the place ;
We turn'd our pointed Scimiters upon him,
'iz'd, he bellow'd Murder ! Treason !
that curst *Abencerrago*,
ong Detachment was in hearing ;

Which

Which drove our Force like Dust before the Wind,
 But with kind Arms, catch'd the falling *Ozmin*,
 And softly brings him on to his own Tower ;
 The rest I led (by you employ'd) are slain ;
 So that the great Seceet is now secure,
 And only rests in your Breast and mine.

Ol. Alas ! what Secret ? (*Ozmin* lives) what Hopes ?

Abass. Look up, my gracious Lord, if from his Death
 You date your Joys, be then assur'd he dyes ;
 This Sword was dipt in Mortal Poyson ;
 This has pierc'd him, and Humane Aid is vain.

Ol. Welcome as the voice of Fate ! a pleasing Sence.
 Thy Story bears ; for the Hoarse Raven's Croak
 Is welcome to the long expecting Heir,
 Who has been with-held by some tenaceous Gripe ;
 And all the generous purpose of his Soul debarr'd.
 Now let intestine Broils devour his State ;
Granada sink, all Native Interest dye ;
 Fame's an empty sound, Love weighs the Ballance down.

Abass. I am the humble Creature of your Will,
 Form'd by your Breath ; and acting still by your command.

Ol. Be vigilant as Misers 'ore their Wealth,
 And bold as naked Innocence ; so shall
 The deluded World be ours (*Trample here*) Hark ! what noise
 (is that ?)

Abass. My Lord, it is——

Ol. Thou art alarm'd ! be gone ; but wait near my call.

(*Ex. Abass.*)

Sinon ! to me transfer thy wondrous Act ;
 Glo'st 'ore my Words ; with seeming Truth teach thou
 My Tongue to sooth, and to betray.

(*Exit.*)

Enter Albo, Ozmin supported, Soldiers, &c.

Albo. *Muly* give the Signal for our entrance :
Open the Gates ; let the Portcullis down ;
How fares it, Noble *Zegree*, worthy Foe ?

Oz. Dying with Wounds and o'come with Shame ;
Cou'd I, mislead by the descending Curse
Of my Fore-fathers Rage, call thee a Foe ?
I did, I cou'd, and now too late Repent !
Lift my Eyes too late towards such Vertues !
Virtue's the Link of all Heroick Souls ;
And generous Enemies act by the same Rule
In War, each panting for the Goal of Honour,
You have reach'd it : you wou'd have sav'd *Ozmin*.
Ozmin ! who, when his recorded Deeds appear,
Can never hope an Act like this.

Alb. To lend thee Aid, oppress'd by base Villains,
Was requir'd, as I bear a humane Form :
Natures Law, from the Superior Being,
Exacts compassion ; else were we level
With the Savage Race, or sunk beneath them.
This I had done, prompted by Humanity alone :
But *Ozmin*, I have grateful Tyes to thee :
My Son, that prop to my declining Age,
Is snatch'd by th' uncertain Fate of War ;
And held by *Abdolin* our Factions Scourge,
A Prisoner, without the Power of Ransom,
But your Generosity has preserv'd the Youth,
And oft redeem'd him from their Headlong Rage ;
So he writes himself, and calls ye still Protector.

Oz. Why were these fatal Factions first begun ?
We're he Incendaries ; we divide the People,
Till on *Granada* certain ruine falls.

Zegree

Zegrees, Abencerragoes foment that War,
Which *Spain* will end——
So shall our City and Name be lost;
My Genius labours in the Pangs of Death.
Cou'd thought produce the gentle Off-spring Peace,
How willing I'd think no more, no more
Croud this busie Stage; haste to my Exit,
And bless our Prophet for eternal Rest.
I have a Daughter——

Alb. Sure, 'tis the fair *Zelinda*:
My Son is wondrous Lavish in her Praise.

Enter Oliman.

Ol. Where is he? where's my Lord! my Noble Kinsman!
Ha! in Blood! O cruel Error!
Oh hard Decree! Of too, too rigid Fate!
The worthy't and the best are still destroy'd;
Thou lopp'st the Hero, and thou spar'st the Slave!
Who are ye? Enemies! *Abencerragoes*!
Here take my Life, alas! too far prolong'd,
And let me dye with this good Man.

Oz. Cease thy vain noise, and if thy Grievs are real,
Give thou attention to my dying Words,
And be a sacred Witness of the Truth.

Ol. Defend me, *Mahomet*, as I obey!

Oz. The Noble *Albovada* these Succours brought,
When by assassinating Fiends surrounded;
For which, and for the Peace my Soul desires,
Now being on the Wing to reach that Place,
Where only Peace, and blissful Quiet dwells,
Your God-like Son, the brave *Abinomin*,
Whom late you mention'd with such tender Care,
Zelinda my belov'd only Child,
If I mistake not, both their wishes meet.

Grant

Grant thou this Marriage, to crown my end
 With Happiness, and ease the sting of Death;
 Thus the long jarring Families unite,
 And these two Lovers Seal the Bond for ever!

Alb. I swear by *Alla*——

That should my Son once dare but form a Thought,
 To mar the Friendship which concludes the War,
 I'd rank him amongst mine and his Country Foes.

Oz. Now, Sir, to you, I charge you by the care,
 I've shown still to preserve thee from contempt,
 Still to supply thee with a liberal Hand,
 And raise thy wanting Fortunes to thy Birth,
 Haste to my Wife, support her in her Woes;
 For she is good, and they will fall with weight;
 Soften the sad Relation of my end;
 Tell her, my latest wish is Peace.

Ol. I will, if I can find my way for Tears!

Oz. Bear to that lovely Partner of my Bed,
 My *Abenade*, one tender last farewell!
 Conjure her not to mourn, nor seek Revenge;
 Enjoin *Zelinda*, the softest Copy
 Of obedient Maids, bid her continue
 To obey. Oh Prophet! I can no more.

(*Faints.*)

Alb. Help! all gently raise, and bear him in,
 Let the fam'd *Arabian* search his Wounds,
 Tho' all I fear in vain.

Ol. The poyson'd Steel has found its fatal way;
 Thy help indeed is vain.

(*Aside.*)

Alb. *Zegree*, thou hast heard all thy Lord's desire,
 What a fair prospect he has laid for Peace;
 Proclaim it in the *Alhambra* Towers:
 If your Councils shall embrace the Offer,
 Accord again will rear her banish'd Face,
 And Children yet unborn bless the Union:

Weight

Weigh well the Event ; then send your Resolves. (*Exit into the Castle.*)

Manet Oliman.

Ol. Farewel !——
 Thou easie Fool ! *Zelinda* wed thy Son !
 O pretty turn ! the Mockery of Fate !
 No, first thy fertile Brain must cease to work,
 This Hand to act, this burning Heart to love !
 What, Ho, *Abafs* !

Enter Abafs.

Abafs. My Lord——
Ol. *Ozmin* is dead !
Abafs. With him dye all my Patrons black despair !
 And from his Tomb, let Pleasure rise and grow.
Ol. If *Ozmin's* Will's obeyed, we are yet undone !
 The Wretch wou'd Bribe the Powers with darling Peace,
 And give the Glory of our *Zegree* Line
 To that curst Race, whom, for long Ages past,
 We still were taught in Childhood to abhor !
 Revenge and Fury often meet and clasp'd
 In the stern Soldiers fierce Embrace of Death ;
 But Blood and Name were never kindly join'd,
 Never in thought, till this detested purpose.
 No War by jarring Elements rais'd,
 Or differing Nations, was 'ere supply'd,
 With half the Fire a *Zegree* holds against
 His Mortal Foe, the *Abencerragoe*.
Abafs. Cou'd *Ozmin* in his departing Moments,
 Give up his Honour, court Friendship there ?

Ol. En-

Ol. Enquire no more, fly strait to *Abenade*,
Say, her Lord is slain by vilest Treason!
Give thou the Alarm, leave to me the rest.

Abass. Swift as ill News in Envy's Mouth I'm there.

Exit.

Ol. With such a Slave, what may not I perform!
The young *Abencerragoe* is open, free;
Apt to believe all Friends; hard to distrust;
The noble plainness of an honest Mind
Dwells in his Deeds: So wou'd I with my Foe
To work and mould my well-laid Plot with ease.
I know he Loves the Maid, the charming Fair,
Zelinda: There my Heart's upon the Rack,
Oft have I catch'd their meeting Eyes, and read
The amorous Business of their Thoughts:
But from his cold and dreadful Den I'll raise
The damp of Death; put out their mingling Flames,
Break their fast Vows; and part those happy Lovers;
Yes, by *Alla*, and by a greater Power!——
Her charms and scorn, I swear I will destroy,
Whoever dares to barr what I'd enjoy.

Exit.

SCENE changes to Granada.

Enter Abdolin, Selim, several Officers and Guards.

(A cry without.)

Long live great *Abdolin*!-----

Selim. Hail, victorious Prince! the Peoples Darling,
And the last Hope of the declining State:
Your youthful Arm, this Day fledg'd with Conquest,
Will first depress Rebellious Native *Moors*;
Then drive Invading *Spain* with shame away.

Abd. Be this our Victory-----

Blest Omen! To that we justly claim,

O're

O're unprovok'd, tho' Christian Enemies.
 He that Intrenches on another's Right,
 Ought to lose even that which Nature gave ;
 For Nature has set Bounds to our Ambition ;
 But Head-strong Man, fond of Almighty Power,
 Grasps at universal Sway ; forgetting the Poor
 Tenement he holds with a Precarious Hand.
 How soon ! how wondrous soon, his vast designs,
 And he himself are nothing !

Selim. Not Oracles speak more Emphatick Truths ;
 Judgment so ripe, and such early Valour
 Must recall *Granada's* antient Glory.

Abd. When Fate shall seem to smile, Oh ! be not vain ;
 For often then our turns are swift and sad :
 And you, my Soldiers, guard with care our Towers,
 Nor let a small success make you secure.
 Each to his several Post. *(Exit Officers and Guards.)*

Oh, *Selim* ! Do'st thou not find why I play
 The Philosopher ? Why Conquest sits heavy
 On my drooping Heart ? Yes, thou know'st it all.—
 Oh, Curses ! dire Curses yet unheard of ———
 Seize 'em Diseases, Poverty and Shame !
 Blast their just blooming Joys ! Dole 'em out :
 What they have given me, Horror and Despair !

Selim. Is this a Hero, who wants the Temper
 To bear in midst of Pomp a Woman's loss ?
 Oh frail Humanity ! still Passion's Slave.
 Can Princes mourn for Baubles ? Rave for Girls ?
 For Female Babies, the stock o'th' Creation ?
 Which sigh for Man, and cannot fool us
 But when we give 'em Power.

Abd. Blind Wretch ! senceless of that lovely Light,
 Which strikes Mankind with Adoration !
 What are thy Crowd ? *Zelinda* in my View !
 When Nature made the beautiful Peice so fine,

She swore to break the Frame, compose no more
Such Miracles, but shuffle up in haste
The rest, and save the sure insuing Mischiefs,
A Wonder must create.

Selim. Transports ! and Extasies ! then I have done.

Abd. No, tell me again the fatal Story ;
I will be calm as suffering Martyrs,
Sedate as Statesmen, when they mean Destruction.

Selim. You are my Prince ; my Faith, my Loyalty,
Nay, my Inclinations, all are yours.

Abd. Enough of that, good *Selim* ; now proceed.

Selim. May I then speak with an undaunted Freedom ?
Your Look consents ; you lov'd *Ozmins* Daughter,
And close pursu'd the bright enchanting Maid ;
Ye found her cold and coy, yet wondrous Fair ;
I think you meant not Marriage.

Abd. Thou saw'st Searcher of my inmost Soul,
I ne'er durst ask my self that question.

Selim. *Abinomin*, long kept your Prisoner here,
In your luxurious Court, beheld the Virgin :
Love dipt the kindest Darts his Quiver held,
And gave an equal Wound ; their Births were so ;
Their Fortunes equal ; their Loves were Honest ;
The Parents hate the youthful pair forgot ;
And by desire led, they now are marry'd

Abd. Is she then gone, even for ever gone ?
Are all those charms become another's Right ?
Must he, my Foe, possess, whilst I despair ?
Methinks I see the transported happy Youth,
Gaze on her starry Eyes, devour her Lips !
Then snatch to his Heart, that whole Natures World,
Of conquering cruel Beauty, cruel to me !
In his fond Arms she melts with glowing Blushes !
Redoubles all his Fires, Oh ! speak to me, Slave,
Ere I go mad with Thought, with curst Reflection !

Where,

VWhere, when was this mischief wrought ?

Selim. A canting Dervise, a Cell-priest did it :
One well us'd to tying those repented Knots ;
For, Gold he mumbld ore the Mistick VVords ;
For that damning Coin, a she Slave of hers,
Betray'd it all to me ; last Night the time ;
No doubt in the absence of her Father,
They took the kind Opportunity, and-----

Abd. Be dumb, nor dare recal the Image back,
Hateful as Death, to one who knows his Heaven is lost,
Oh ! thou relentess Tyrant, God of Love !
All thy Pains, thy Pangs are mine, she is blest :
Must the ungrateful still continue so ?
Must my poor painful Heart ne're aim at Peace ?
VVhilst hers is swell'd with lasting Tides of Joy !
Be just, and let *Zelinda* taste at least
The Wracks, the sinking VVo'es she pours on me !

Selim. Forget her, Sir ; VVomen and the Toys of Love
Shou'd only be the Pastime of great Souls ;
VVe nurse the Passion till it Head-strong grows ;
Call Reason to your Aid.-----

Abd. No *Selim*, Reason will not do the VVork,
Revenge shall seize my Heart, and drive from thence
The feeble God away ; all softness chace,
From the too-long injur'd Mansion of my Breast,
Destroy *Zelinda's* Empire, dethrone the Fair,
And reign there with her Imperial Sway ;
Revenge, sharp as her scorn, fatal as her Eyes,
Revenge shall smile when the young Hero dyes.
Yes, I would break through Heaven and Natures Laws,
To reach him, act such Deeds, shou'd force applause,
And Love shall own the Justice of the Cause.

(*Exeunt.*)

End of the First Act.

ACT II. SCENE A Bed-Chamber : Zelinda upon a Couch, Abinomin kneeling by her, Zaida attending.

Abin. **L**OOK up, my Love, and raise thee from the Earth ;
Abinomin calls ; thy Lover, and thy Husband :
 Enough thou hast mourn'd the noble *Ozmin* fall ;
 Add not thy own untimely Fate to his ;
 Sorrow like this, will break thy tender Heart ;
 And sink thy early Beauties to the Grave :
 Nor can *Abinomin* survive thy loss ;
 O then ! for both our sakes cease this vain Grief ;
 And think again of Love, and Peace, and me.

Zelin. Oh *Ozmin* ! Oh my Father ! thou art dead ;
Zelinda, now is left an helpless Orphan :
 What will become of me ? I dare not think !
 I have now no tender Parent to atone :
 O my *Abinomin* ! our fatal Marriage
 Will wind us both in everlasting Ruine !
 Had *Ozmin* liv'd, we might have been secure ;
 My pleading Tears had mov'd his God-like Nature
 To have blest our stoll'n Joys with wish'd Consent.

Abin. O do not melt me to a Female softness !
 Thy killing Grievs pierce thro' my very Soul !
 Great *Ozmin*, I lament as well as you ;
 And oft have curst the Cause that made us Foes ;
 Hop'd those blest Stars that gave thee to my Arms,
 Wou'd Reconcile our bleeding Families.

Zelin. Had my dear Father liv'd, it might ha' been ;
 He view'd thy forward Youth with just Regard ;

Admir'd

Admir'd thy matchless Virtues, as they grew ;
 And prais'd and wish'd *Zelinda* such a Lord ;
 That made me bold to hope he wou'd forgive,
 VVhen he shou'd know thou wast indeed my Husband-
 But all my Hopes of Peace with him are lost ;
 My haughty Mother, *Ozmins* second choice,
 VVith endless Rage, pursues thy hated Line ;
 And when the fatal Secret shall be known,
 VVill sacrifice me to her black Revenge.

Abin. Fear not, my Love, but think our mighty Prophet
 Has given me to thee in a Fathers stead,
 VVith all the Tenderneſs of Faithful Love,
 To guide and to protect thy beautiful Innocence.
 Then smile at Fate, and know thy self secure,
 VVhilſt theſe fond Arms are opened to receive thee ;
 VVhilſt my Eternal Conſtancy remains ;
 VVhilſt this beating, this transported Heart
 Harbours no joy, no wiſh, no thought, but thee :
 If the *Alhambra* Tower grow hateful to thee,
 Be then the Court of *Alborade* our Refuge ;
 VVhich will, with joyful Pride, receive *Abinomin*,
 The only Son of an indulgent Father ;
 And with him, what he values more than Life,
 His deareſt better part, his charming Bride.

Zelin. Alas, you have forgot your ſacred VVord,
 VVhich holds you here, till the ſlow Treaty end,
 A willing Priſoner to Prince *Abdolin*.

Abin. I bleſs thoſe Chains, becauſe they gave me yours ;
 But theſe will off, our ſorrows too ſhall ceaſe.
 Since all muſt dye, Reaſon tells the Mourner,
 Grief is in vain, for Death reſtores to none-----
 O ! my *Zelinda* ! what fatal Pangs are theſe ?
 I ſwear thou muſt not weep ; another Tear
 Will break the Heart of thy *Abinomin* !

Zelin

Zelin. My Father Murder'd !

O my dear Lord ! tis such a shock of Fate !
 So sudden, and so sad, 'twou'd surely kill me,
 Did not thy faithful, soft, endearing Love,
 Like a rich Cordial, stay my fleeting Soul. (*Knocking here.*)
 But thou must leave me, fear of barbarous Power
 Tears thee from poor *Zelinda's* trembling Heart. (*Exit Zaida.*)

Abin. It shall not be ; we cannot, will not part.

Zelin. This lone Apartment, by my Fathers fondness
 Made sacred, and entire to my self,
 In the Confusion of this dismal Day,
 Will grow most publick.

Enter Zaida.

Za. Madam, here are several Messengers without,
 Who bring the Widow'd *Abenede's* Commands,
 That to the Castle Hall you shou'd attend her.

Zelin. Begone, my dearest Life, fly thro' the Garden ;
 The well-known way that leads to the *Alhambra*-----
 But tell me first, when shall we meet again ?

This Grief, these rising Sighs, and streaming Tears,
 Will ne're be hush'd but on thy tender Bosom.

Abin. I'll still be near thee as thy Guardian Angel,
 Meet thee at *Ozmin's* mournful Obsequies,
 And offer my Assistance to thy Mother ;
 Both to detect, and to revenge his fall.

Zelin. Again I am summon'd ! Oh *Abinomin* ! (*Knocking without.*)
 A new Oppression sinks my boding Heart ;
 Convulsive Fear trembles thro' all my Veins ;
 And wild Despair, has turn'd my very Brain :
 Methinks I see thee, on a sudden chang'd ;
 Fainting, and cold ; pale as my Fathers Ghost !
 Oh take me to thy Arms, and hide me there,
 From the black Purpose of malicious Stars !

Hide

Hide, me if possible, from Thought it self;
For I indeed am lost!

Abin. O say not so, my lovely mourning Fair!
VVhilst I have Life, thou must be safe and happy.

Zelin. In vain you seek to ease my bleeding Heart,
VVhich cannot bear a Moments separation,
But swells as it wou'd break.

Abin. Ye mighty Powers, that favour Innocence,
Protect my Love, and ease her burthen'd Soul;
On my devoted Head hurle all your Plagues,
I shall not feel them when *Zelinda's* blest.

Zelin. Hear me, great Prophet!-----
Regard my Lord; he's worthy of your Care;
And tho' I fall the untimely Sacrifice
To proud Ambition, or to fierce Revenge,
Bless my *Abinomin*, my Love, my Husband;
And I'll not once upbraid, not once complain.
Forbear your needless Importunity, *(Knocking without..*
For now I come, my dearest Life, farewell.

Abin. Best of thy Sex, farewell!
All Blessings wait thee. *(Exit severally..*

SCENE A Hall: Enter Abenede, Zelinda attended,
Oliman and Abals.

Abene. D'ye not blush, ye mean degenerate Cowards?
Thus basely to survive the noble *Ozmin*;
Who fought your Cause, ungrateful as you are,
Unworthy of the glorious Name of *Zegrees*!
What was it less then to betray my Lord,
To leave him to the Rage of barb'rous Foes?
Tell me, ye timorous disloyal Slaves,
Wou'd he have left the meanest of you all,
At such a time, to such a fatal End?

No,

No, he has often sav'd you with his Blood.
 What Mercy then can you expect from us ?
 His injur'd Widow, and his wretch'd Orphan ?
 Think ye, you shall not all be made a Sacrifice,
 To appease the Ghost of my dear murder'd Lord ?

Enter Abd. Selim, Abin. Guards.

Abd. See, *Abenede*, at this unhappy News,
 Your Prince is come to swell the Pomp of Grief !
 Nor is my loss in *Ozmin* less than yours ;
 For I beheld him, as my better Genius,
 The bravest Warriour, and the truest Friend.

Ol. All these, tho' rashly injur'd, clear themselves,
 By their unfeign'd concern for *Ozmin's* fall ;
 My self commanded them, and saw them Fight :
 Nay, more, I saw them warm, and conquer too ;
Ozmin drew off, most sure of Victory,
 But fell beneath the Walls of *Albovade*.

Abin. How fell he there ?

Ol. Ask the Assassins that ; I found him dying.

Aben. Speak, worthy Kinsman, and forgive my rage ;
 What were his latest Words, and who his Murderers ?

Ol. From Villains in disguise, he met his Fate,
 And dying, begg'd you wou'd revenge his Murder ;
 Commanded me to assist ; and for Reward,
 Assign'd his beauteous Daughter.

Zelin. 'Tis false ! my Father wou'd not give me so,
 Not Sacrifice his Daughter to Revenge.

Aben. Be Dumb ;---nor dare to contradict such Truths.

Ol. All I had left to ask (a sad Request)
 Was the pale Lifeless Clay of that great Man.
 But *Albovade*, with most inveterate Rage,
 Dragg'd in the Body, and bid us be assur'd,

Our

Our Hero now, was Food for ravenous Beasts.

Aben. Ha !

Abin. O let this Sacred Presence give me way,
To justify my absent injur'd Father !

Now, by the Righteous Powers, 'tis false as Hell !

Against the Nature of that God-like Man ;

Who wou'd not violate his spotless Honour,

To take Revenge against his vilest Foe,

Much less consent to act a Villains Part,

And barr the Funeral Rights to worthy *Ozmin*.

Aben. Hear me, great *Abdolin* : Is not this your Prisoner ?

Abd. Madam, he is.

Aben. Then let your speedy Justice dash his Insolence :
Dungeons, and heaviest Fetters be his Doom.

Shall the proud Son of cruel *Atbovade*,

Of that accurst *Abencerrago*, brave me !

Abd. Guards, seize and bind him : 'Tis indeed but just,
Till this foul Treason be discover'd.

Ol. He perhaps may prove
Chief Actor in this Bloody Scene.

Abin. Dar'st thou accuse me, double meaning Dog ?
What mean these Slaves ? shall I not answer him ?

Abd. Away ; confine him close.

Zelin. First hear *Zelinda* speak : Can you refuse ?
Madam, will not you hear what I can say ?——

'Tis all in vain, and I am lost.

Abin. Oh faithless Prince ! are these the Laws of War ?

Abd. Away.——

(*Exit Abin. forc'd off.*)

Abin. Why dost thou send such guilty eager Glances
After that most abhorr'd *Abencerrago* ?

Go, bath thy wanton Eyes in Floods of Tears ;

Let Darkness hide thee from degenerate Love ;

Nor longer shame thy Race.

Zelin. Send me, then, to Everlasting Darkness——
Oh my Father ! do I not weep for thee ?

Do's not my Grief exceed a Publick show? —

Then let our mighty Prophet, if 'tis possible,

Heap greater Ills upon my destin'd Head. *(Exit.)*

Abd. Is there no way to trace this horrid Murder,

And offer just Revenge to *Ozmin's* Shade?

Are the Contrivers of so black a Deed

Secur'd by Hell for ever from our Knowledge?

No, we will search till we have found the Villains;

Those that design'd, and those that wrought the mischief;

Not Power, nor Mercy's self shall save one Wretch.

Abin. You, *Oliman*, command the Troops of *Ozmin*:

Now let your Zeal in this unhappy Cause,

Witness how well you lov'd your murder'd Lord.

To his sad Tomb, design'd the sacred Place,

Where undisturb'd, his Ashes might have slept,

I go, with pious Care, to Sacrifice:

His Wreaths of Victory, and tatter'd Ensigns,

The Trophies of his honorable Toyls,

The Pride and Glory of *Granada* once;

Now, of no farther use, but to adorn

The empty Monument of that great Man!

Sooner or later to the Silent Grave,

The Monarchs Scepter, and the Warriour's Sword,

Wealth, Honour, Learning, Virtue, all must come,

And Deck at last, that melancholly Home;

(Exeunt.)

Manent Ol. and Abass.

Ol. Now my *Abass*! to draw this subtle Thread,

And hamper these unwary honest Fools,

Whilst we, enlarg'd by our designs, are free,

To laugh at Terrors we our selves have made;

Say, shall we not succeed? —

Abass.

Abafs. The Business of the lab'ring Brain be yours ;
And when you have formed the Ruine you intend,
Here is the ready Arm to execute.

Ol. 'Tis well, be dilligent and faithful, Fortune's thine ;
Double the Guard about the Castle Lines ;
And if any shou'd approach from *Albovade*,
Upon thy Life dispatch them, hear them not,
Mind not their Summons, but dispatch them.

Abafs. They dye ; believe it done already.

Ol. Thou wast made to be my Friend ;
Long try'd, and fitted to my horrid Purpose ;
Yet such a Scheme of mischief I have laid,
I yet must doubt, and probe thy very Soul.
For now, like *Hydra's* Heads, new Evils grow,
Unthought of, and of fatal consequence.

'Tis plain, *Zelinda* loves *Abinomin*,
And therefore will not me ; I cannot hope it :
Then let my Thirst of Vengeance be appeas'd,
I'll ruine all, and drown my Love in Blood——
Canst thou be resolute ?——

Abafs. Else, bravely strike thro' my mistrusted Heart,
And choose another Slave, perhaps less faithful.

Ol. Forgive thy Master, 'tis a dismal Road ;
Yet I will on ; too far already enter'd,
To think of a retreat, I must proceed ;
And be it so ; from small obscure Beginnings,
Great Revolutions, oft have been accomplish'd ;
When even my setting forth was *Ozmins* Death :
A Deed that wou'd stamp Villain on endless Penitence,
Why ! let me then plunge deeper, deeper yet ;
Till so inur'd to Crimes, I may at last
Forbear to think them such.

Abafs. Spare these Reflections——
Least they shake your noblest Resolves.

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 Heap greater Ills upon my destin'd Head.

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A Deed that wou'd stamp Villain on endless Penitence,
Why ! let me then plunge deeper, deeper yet ;
Till so inur'd to Crimes, I may at last
Forbear to think them such.

Abafs. Spare these Reflections——
Least they shake your noblest Resolves.

Ol. Alas ! What hardn'd Wretch, but first or last
Has Qualms, and Strugglings, which Fools call Conscience?
I, Custom, and the curse of Education :
The Noble Savage takes Revenge at Will ;
Nor from past Actions ever feels Remorse :
'Tis only Man that's plagu'd with thought.

Abass. See, *Abenede* Returns !

Ol. Fly, my *Abass*, and wait me in the Grotto ;
She must not see thee here alone with me. *(Exit Abass.)*

Enter Abenede.

Aben. The Weakness of my Sex, my Soul disdains ;
Nor, till thy Death, great *Ozmin*, be reveng'd,
Will I give way to idle Sighs and Tears.
My melting Griefs shall turn to raging Fire.
O ! *Oliman*, instruct and aid my Vengeance
In this Oblation to the Ghost of *Ozmin* !
Be-diligent ; nor let a Victim 'scape ;
Tho' but in Thought, suspected.

Ol. Might I advise——
Before the Rights begin at *Ozmin's* Tomb,
Summon with care, the Chiefs of all our Faction ;
Then, with august Solemnity, Proclaim,
(By *Abdolin's* Power) pardon, and vast Reward
To him who can reveal the bloody Treason
Of *Ozmin's* Death : but here Grief stops my Words.

Aben. O worthy *Oliman* ! be thine the charge.
'Soon as my dear, my injur'd Lords atton'd,
Lift up thy Eyes, high as Ambition points,
To all the glorious Honours he possess ;
Thou shalt be Heir to them, and to his Wealth.

Ol. I covet neither, our great Prophet knows ;
From nobler Motives, and from dearer Ties
My Zeal proceeds, and warrants all my Actions.

With

With you, let fair *Zelinda* share in Peace,
 Her Fathers ample Fortune as her Right;
 And let her bless some happy fated Youth,
 With (what transcends Titles, or Wealth, or Fame)
 The softest, richest Prize, her lovely self.
 I know not why, but a strange Thought disturbs me.
 Methinks I wou'd not wish, for her own sake,
 To see *Abinomin* her Husband.

Aben. *Abinomin*! she dares not think to wed him——
 Now, by the Royal *Zegree*-Blood, that flies
 To dye my Face, a Witness of my scorn,
 By the warm Vengeance that surrounds my Heart,
 By the fierce Rage, that sparkles in my Eyes,
 She shall not dare to form a secret wish
 In favour of that curst *Abencerrago*.
 But let her not be nam'd, she wrongs our purpose :
 Revenge and *Ozmin* fill thy lab'ring Thought,
 Prepare thy solemn Rites, and think of Blood——
 Look from thy enlightn'd Orb, thou Saint betray'd,
 Look down, and point the Author of thy Death !
 The Wretch that durst with impious Hands approach——
 So shall thy sacred Spirit be at rest,
 And all my rage dissolve to gentle Tears !

Ol. Request, that Prince *Abinomin* be present,
 And with him all the Prisoners of their Faction,
 That they be shook with unexpected Horror,
 When they shall hear your dreadful Will proclaim'd.

Aben. Be it so :
 That I may Thunder in their Coward Ears,
 Such Punishments will chill them with Despair,
 And force them to lament their treacherous hate ;
 Cursing the gloomy Hour, when *Ozmin* fell.
 To thee I leave the Form of our Procession ;
 Nor will I fail in ought may aid our Justice.
 Oh *Ozmin* ! hear thy faithful *Abende* :

Fierce

Fierce as thy Love, and great as thy Renown;
 Raging and wild my dire Revenge shall prove.
 Guide thou aright my active pious care;
 Nor Sex, nor Friend, my boundless Rage shall spare,
 But offer all to thee, and to Despair.

}
 (Exeunt.

End of the Second A C T.

A C T.

A C T III. SCENE A Mosque.
The Tomb of Ozmin.

Enter Abdolín and Selim.

Abd. **T**HE Solemn sadness of this pompous Woe;
Spreads a dark Gloom upon our Bridegrooms Joy :
In Despair he mourns ; but I have Comfort
Amidst this Ruine, and this Scene of Death.
Love whispers now, that fair one shall be mine ;
My Soul assents to the kind presaging Hope,
And secret Pleasures fill my beating Heart.

Selim. From Death, the most detested Foe of Nature,
Can Hope, Life's precious Cordial, rise ?
Can the fantastick Dreams of Love create
A Joy so vain, as built on certain ruine ?

Abd. Yes, the certain ruine of my curst Rival
Leaves the beautiful Mourner to another Fate.
The furious *Abenede* will never yield,
Nor give the Daughter of her murder'd Lord
To one, whom more than Hell, she hates and loathes.
Zelinda now is left to her Command ;
And that way my Access is easy made,
Our Friendship, and our Line the same ; the same
Mortal Hate we bear to the *Abencerragoes*.

Selim. O Pity a Prince of the Zegree Name
Shou'd be a Woman's Slave ; Woman, the Bar
To our Ambition ; all our Noble Deeds,
Our Mother's softness, still taints the Hero ;

Then,

Then, fond Love subtly melts the Royal Stamp,
 And laughs ev'n at the Wisdom of a Demy-God,
 What might besieg'd *Granada* hope from you?
 What might insulting *Spain*, with Terror dread,
 Did not love possess your Soul, and every thought?

Abd. It do's, it shall; Glory and Fame must wait
 Till that much dearer Charm is satisf'd.

Then will I rouse, shake off the weaker Fires,
 And burn in Martial Heats alone! (*Flourish Musick.*)
 Cease we now this talk; see the Rites begin;
 The Ceremony past, proclaim our Will aloud.

*Enter Abenede, Zelinda in Mourning attended: Abino-
 min, and several Prisoners: Oliman, Abafs, and,
 many Slaves: Solemn Musick, Drums, Trumpets:
 After the Musick.*

Abene. Oh Prophet! Let the Widows Prayer ascend;
 Accept these our Imperfect pious Rites,
 And grant the Spirit of my murder'd Lord
 Eternal Rest, Eternal Lawrel wreaths;
 Give the Joys our *Acoran* has promis'd,
 All but Immortal Love, and that reserve,
 Till I shall find the God-like Shade; Till I
 Shall bless his Aereal Form with lasting Joys,
 With never dying Charms; Oh my *Ozmin*!

Abd. Laments are vain; let Vengeance take its way.

Zel. A Sigh reaches the high Arch of Heaven
 Soon as loudest Cries. Hear then, my Father,
 From thy sacred Seat, behold my Sorrows,
 View the sad Heart that swells for thy dear loss,
 And bursts with silent Woe.

Ol. Here Kneels, of the Noble Race of *Ozmin*,
 One who lov'd, who serv'd, and honour'd him, (*Kneeling.*)

Joyn then, my flowing Sacrifice of Tears,
And wet the Hero's empty Shrine,

Abd. Enough, my Friends, of fruitless Grief; Proceed;
And let our purpos'd Justice streight begin.

Herald proclaim. —

Herald. Hear the Will of our great *Granada's* Prince,
Whosoever can a true discovery make
Of Lord *Ozmin's* Murder, shall streight receive
His own demanded Summe for a Reward,
If joynd in the bloody Fact, full pardon.

Abafs. Ha! said he, Pardon! Is pardon promis'd?

Ol. It is, what ails this Slave to tremble so?

Abd. Speak, knowst thou ought?

Aben. Oh! quick disclose the horrid Deed!
Freedom and Pardon waits on thy Confession;
Speak thro' all thy trembling Fears,
Speak thou Wretch —
Thou cou'dst but be an Instrument alone,
Speak, and command Forgiveness.

Abafs. Oh dismal Load of too depressing Guilt!
Let my sincere discovery of the Truth,
In part discharge my Duty; what *Ozmin's* Murder,
And my Conscience ne're cou'd do,
This mournful Widows Tears at last has done:
Remorse has seiz'd me, and too late Repentance:
For Oh, the fatal Deed none can recal!

Zelin. Oh Heavens! among us is there one so vile,
So bold a Slave in acting Wickedness,
As dare fulfil a Crime so black as this?

Abafs. There is, there is; nay, this place contains
A thing more vile, more horrid far than me;
Yet he, with unchang'd Cheeks the Prologue hears,
Of that dire Story, which will taint his Name,
His noble Blood and Family for ever.

Abd. Point at the Villain; nor let his Looks, or Power—
Awe or prevent thy Purpose.

Aben. Hasten to shew him to my impatient Fury.

Abafs. It's Lord *Abinomin*!

Abin. Ha!

Aben. Hold! dare not to interrupt him: Go on.

Abafs. 'Twas that base Lord, who with invenom'd Breath,
Perswaded us to perpetrate this Deed.

He tempted us, with large and great Rewards;

And, led by him, disguis'd with poyson'd Daggers,

By most unequal force, brave *Ozmin* fell.

His cautious Fears dispatch'd the other Slaves:

Me he preserv'd, in hopes that future Service,

And future Mischiefs shou'd employ my Hands;

But an inlightning Ray from *Mahomet*,

Has turn'd my horrid Purposes, and brought

Repentance, which possess now my Soul.

Abin. Ye heavenly Powers, d'ye hear the Traytor?

And dare he speak this in your awful Temple!

Nor is there no avenging Bolt, no Power

Will strike the Villain, and defend the wrong'd?

Zelin. None, my *Abinomin*. Oh! hard fated pair!

Oh! miserable me!

Aben. What says our Daughter?

Zelin. Alas! What boots it longer to conceal

My Immense Portion of unbounded Woe?

My Husband 'or my Fathers Blood accus'd!

Oh! shocking Blow; Oh Fate! it is too much,

Too much for me to bear. Oh! Oh! —

Aben. Hence, to thy Grave be gone, there hide thy Shame.

No helping Hand of mine shall bring thee back.

To hated Life.

Abin. Oh! Rear thy drooping Head, my dying Fair;

To these who are Confederates in my Ruine

I'll make no Answer-----

But

But Oh to thee I'll bow, and kneeling, swear
 I'm Innocent : swear that I lov'd your Father
 With more eager Love than all
 These outward Mourners, these dark Designers,
 These Plotters !

Close not thy Eyes in Death, O my *Zelinda* !
 Let them shine forth when mine are sunk for ever.

Abd. Whom wou'dst thou injure with a Villains Name ?
 On the base Murderer will stick the stain,
 And on thy black Accomplices.

Abin. Yes, they are all Infernal plotting Villains,
 Who dare accuse me of so damn'd a Falshood.

Abd. Ha ! Traitor ! the leading Circumstance is plain,
 Thy treasonable bold attempt to gain.
 This precious Jewel of the *Zegree-Line*
 Declares thee guilty ; but by our Prophet,
 Thou shalt repent this rashness : Not that fam'd *Hero*,
 Who aim'd at the Imperial Wive of *Jove*,
 Shall dearer pay for his presumptuous Fact ;
 You shall no longer view thy fancy'd Treasure,
 And in Revenge, the Thunderer I'll out-do.

Abin. Thy Vengeance ! VVhat art thou ?
 Princes no longer bear that Character
 Than they maintain the Attributes of Justice :
 Passion still ranks them with the vilest Slaves,
 And shews too plain, some private guilt, some baseness,
 VVhich but glanc'd at by the smallest touch,
 Gives the ungovernable Monsters starts
 Of madness-----

Abd. 'Tis thou art mad ; Chains ! Fetters ! Dungeon, ! dark
 As thy own Bosom, even black as Hell,
 Be now thy Doom, till sacred abus'd Justice
 Drags thee to Racks, and unthought of Horrors !

Abin. If thou, *Abdolin*, art of noble Blood,
 If thou art ought but empty Pageant shew,

A thing of Luxury, and outward Pomp,
 A perfect stranger to Imperial Virtues,
 Disclose it now, lend me a Sword, that like
 A Soldier, I may face this accusation.
 I will forget my Birth was next to Royal,
 And in this Cause encounter that base Slave.
 Him, and Fetters on, let 'em come all,
 Bold in my Innocence, they shall confess
 The hellish Artifice, and lay the Scene
 Of their curst mischiefs open.

Abd. This is the common Cant of every Villain,
 T' impeach their Accusers of Confederate malice;
 With smooth and idle Protestations damp
 The foulness of such Facts.

- *Aben.* Oh, Royal Sir ! I beg you'd hear no more,
 But send him from my sight, to Axes, Gibbets,
 Wheels, and Sulphurous Fires : My murder'd Lord
 Cries out Revenge ; his presence is more dreadful
 Than all the Furies lowest Hell can form.

Abd. Be gone, and bear him to that horrid Dungeon,
 Where never chearful Ray of Light yet enter'd :
 As his vile Deeds were most unnatural,
 So be his Punishment ; from all the Comforts
 That fruitful Nature yeilds, exclude the Villain.
 Instead of fair *Zelinda's* charming Voice,
 Let Snakes and croaking Toads still wound his Ears :
 From the dark Cave let noisome Vapours rise,
 And so confound each Sence with various Ills.

Abin. Inhumane malice ! yet 'tis weak, because
 It cannot reach the Mind ; my Soul is free :
 And tho' your Prisons hold my earthly Part,
 Yet thro' that Dungeon and its own weak Frame,
 It shall make way, and mount to brighter Regions,
 Where it shall taste Immortal Happiness.
 But Oh ! there is a pang my Love pulls back,

The

The Immortal Being gives me greater Pains
 Than what your Rage or Malice can invent ;
 This weeping brightness, her convulsive Sorrows,
 They shake my very Frame, and stagger all
 My boasted Resolutions : Guard her, Heaven ;
 Preserve her Innocence from Foes like mine.

Zel. Oh ! Whither are you going ?
 Who tares my Love thus rudely from my Arms ?
 If he is guilty, I am guilty too.
 O, drag me with him to the loathsome Dungeon !
 There I will dig one Grave, our sure and last
 Sad Nuptial Bed ; there we'll for ever lye,
 Nor wake again to feel these racking Terrors.

Abd. Come this way, Madam, you are Innocent.

Zelin. Oh ! it is false, it's I alone am guilty ;
 It's I that brought this Fate upon my Love,
 My faithful Husband ; but I'll share it with him ;
 I will by Heaven and Earth, and all that's dear
 And good, I will.

Abin. Oh, take her from me, this unman's my Soul.
 Now ye Confederate Villains, ye may laugh :
 Yes, ye insulting Zegrees, now rejoyce——
Abinomin melts like a Child before ye.

Aben. Tare her from him——
 Force from my sight that Blot of all her Race.

Abin. Zelinda, Oh ! Farewel :-----

Zel. Oh, Torture ! my Sence is in the dire Confusion
 (lost,

And Agonies, like dashing Waves, rowl o're
 My Soul ; O ! when shall I have Peace ?

Aben. Never, whilst Murder stalks in open Air ;
 Whilst Children cease to pay their filial Tears,
 And weep, and rave for murderers of Fathers.
 Oh, ill inverted World ! So Earth-born Sons

Invaded

Invaded Heaven. Creation sickens, when
 Whats produc'd, turns on the productive Power.
 Sure thy Fathers' Shade will rise and blast thee.

Zelin. No, no, his sacred Spirit will acquit my Lord,
 And throw the Guilt on you, Oh, cruel Prince !
 Oh, barb'rous Kinsman, and thou Infernal Slave,
 Be sure ye prove my Lord a Murderer,
 Be sure ye do, or ye shall answer it ;
 I'll raise the Hyarchy of Heaven against ye,
 Call all the unbrib'd Saints for Evidence,
 And prove ye Devils.

Abd. Watch her, *Abenede*, her furious wildness
 Threatens some dangerous Consequence.

Ol. Our Laws Require the *Abencerragoes* Death,
 The Holy *Alcoran* speaks plain in this ;
 Life for Life, even in the self same manner.-----
 Pardon my Zeal,-----

Ozmin was my Patron, Kinsman, Friend.

Aben. It well becomes thee. But secure that Slave :
 And let *Abinomin's* Tryal strait Commence ;
 Perhaps his Death our Daughters love will end.

Abd. Selim. This very Moment give out Orders,
 That all the Judges, and the Dervise meet ;
 There produce the Proofs most manifest,
 And let the Law take its directed Course.

Aben. O Prince! the Powers above reward your Virtue:
 I could fall down before such Royal Goodness.
 Friendship continu'd after Death, is always
 Most wonderful, and greatly to be prais'd,
 But in this wretched Age, it's seldom practis'd ;
 So for *Abdolin* wou'd my poor Lord have done ;
 Thus your most noble Nature prompts your Actions,
 To Right the Widow, and revenge the dead.

Abd.

Abd. The Evidence of this Slave, or what Proofs else,
Oliman, you can by strickt enquiry get,
 We to your Caution and your Prudence leave :
 Hence with all Signs of Truce, and the least Shadow
 Of happy Peace, with these foul Enemies ;
 Let every hostile Action now begin :
 A sad Example they have already set us,
 Which we in bloody Tracts must imitate.
 For Mercy now wou'd blush if we forgave,
 Or if we shou'd forget our loud-tongu'd wrongs.

Aben. Think, Sir, no more of Mercy.-----
 We'll feast our Vengeance with the flowing Blood
 Of all the *Abencerragoes* cruel Race.

Abd. Only *Zelinda* spare, forgive the Errors
 Of her offending Youth, with mildness teach her,
 And bring her back to the sacred Tract of Duty.

Aben. Let her abhor that Viper *Abinomin*,
 And I again with Joy will entertain her,
 As a blest Relict of the Man I lov'd.

Abd. There you are right ; Nature and Holy Justice
 Start wide at thought of his much loath'd Embraces,
 And scatter Curses on her beauteous Frame.

Aben. Blow, *Oliman*, that warm Reflection up ;
 Tell her the horror of her Father's Death,
 Source of her Life, the Author of her Being ;
 Say this, and more, too much you cannot say.
 Unerring Powers ! Then guide my eager Hand,
 When blinded by thy Rage, suspecting all,
 Let Vengeance only on the Guilty fall.

(*Exit.*)

Abd. Her Rage is just, a Woman's Fury guides thee,
 To dear Revenge, Revenge on him we hate ;
 The Death of that great Man whom we have lov'd :
 But wou'dst thou, *Oliman*, succeed in all
 The Offices, which in our State your Kinsman,

Dead *Ozmin*, bore ; save *Zelinda*, teach her,
 Our common Foe to loath, the *Abencerrago*;
 Inspire in her for me some grateful Thoughts,
 And if I gain that beautiful Paradiſe,
 Then, *Oliman*, ſhall thy Ambition riſe.

(*Exit ud ſuis.*

Ol. Sink em both, Ambition, Love, and all
 Thoſe ſubtle Arts which lower Hell engenders
 Within the poiſonous Breſt of deceiv'd Man:
 Yet hold, my Brain, hold but ſome Hours more,
 Till fill'd with miſchiefs new, and exquisite,
 And unheard, burſt with the pondrous Weight,
 Then ſcatter round Contagions, greater far
 Than my wrack'd Thought can faſhion or invent.
 Guards, be kind to this moſt uſeful Slave,
 Conſine him, where I may viſit him,
 Retire, be careful, and expect Rewards.

(*Exeunt all but Olim.*

Ol. Solus.

What vaſt Deſtruction Love will make !
 The Prince *Abinomin* and I muſt fall,
 A general ruine ſeems to threaten all.
Abinomin alone has got the ſtart,
 Poſſeſt the Virgins Perſon and her Heart ;
 But dearly ſhall he rue thoſe Feaſts of Joy,
 And curſe the Fair, which will his Life deſtroy.

(*Exit.*

End of the Third A C T.

A C T.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Abenede follow'd by Zelinda and Zaida

Zelin. **T**URN, Oh, stay yet a little, Princess stay;
 I dare not use the tenderest of all Sounds;
 That which melts abduurate Hearts, in hearing;
 The Universal Name, that brings us first to Life,
 The Name of Nature, and of Earth, 'tis Mother——
 And sure in Heaven, where now my Parents dwell,
 My first Mother looks down with pity on me.
 Oh, Madam! new Miseries are hardest born;
 Late, to seem the darling care of Providence,
 A Father's chieftest Bliss, and only Hope:
 Then chas'd from Peace, no kind Friend to save me;
 Dash'd back by Rocks, and sunk by the impending Storm.

Aben. They who seek Destruction, and then complain,
 Who fondly trace the Path which leads to ruine,
 Are they the Objects of Compassion?

Zelin. Oh! pass by my Faults, tho' they are many,
 My Sufferings sure out-weigh my Errors;
 Reflect alone upon my matchless Woes,
 Nor to a Fathers loss add a Husbands,
 A guiltless Husband: Put off the sad Hour,
 Till he prove his Innocence, and defeat his Foes.

Aben. Ha! dar'st thou, *Zelinda*, canst thou ask it,
 For thy Fathers Murderer? me dost thou ask?
 With thy impious Love assault my Virtue;

Dead *Ozmin*, bore ; save *Zelinda*, teach her,
 Our common Foe to loath, the *Abencerrago*;
 Inspire in her for me some grateful Thoughts,
 And if I gain that beauteous Paradiſe,
 Then, *Oliman*, ſhall thy Ambition riſe.

(*Exit ud ſuis.*

Ol. Sink em both, Ambition, Love, and all
 Thoſe ſubtle Arts which lower Hell engenders
 Within the poiſonous Breſt of deceiv'd Man:
 Yet hold, my Brain, hold but ſome Hours more,
 Till fill'd with miſchiefs new, and exquisite,
 And unheard, burſt with the pondrous Weight,
 Then ſcatter round Contagions, greater far
 Than my wrack'd Thought can faſhion or invent.
 Guards, be kind to this moſt uſeful Slave,
 Conſine him, where I may viſit him,
 Retire, be careful, and expect Rewards.

(*Exeunt all but Olim.*

Ol. Solus.

What vaſt Deſtruction Love will make !
 The Prince *Abinomin* and I muſt fall,
 A general ruine ſeems to threaten all.
Abinomin alone has got the ſtart,
 Poſſeſt the Virgins Perſon and her Heart ;
 But dearly ſhall he rue thoſe Feaſts of Joy,
 And curſe the Fair, which will his Life deſtroy.

(*Exit.*

End of the Third A C T.

A C T.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Abenede follow'd by Zelinda and Zaida

Zelin. **T**URN, Oh, stay yet a little, Princess stay;
 I dare not use the tenderest of all Sounds;
 That which melts abdurate Hearts, in hearing;
 The Universal Name, that brings us first to Life,
 The Name of Nature; and of Earth, 'tis Mother——
 And sure in Heaven, where now my Parents dwell,
 My first Mother looks down with pity on me.
 Oh, Madam! new Miseries are hardest born;
 Late, to seem the darling care of Providence,
 A Father's chiefest Bliss, and only Hope:
 Then chas'd from Peace, no kind Friend to save me;
 Dash'd back by Rocks, and sunk by the impending Storm.

Aben. They who seek Destruction, and then complain,
 Who fondly trace the Path which leads to ruine,
 Are they the Objects of Compassion?

Zelin. Oh! pass by my Faults, tho' they are many,
 My Sufferings sure out-weigh my Errors;
 Reflect alone upon my matchless Woes,
 Nor to a Father's loss add a Husband's,
 A guiltless Husband: Put off the sad Hour,
 Till he prove his Innocence, and defeat his Foes.

Aben. Ha! dar'st thou, *Zelinda*, canst thou ask it,
 For thy Father's Murderer? me dost thou ask?
 With thy impious Love assault my Virtue;

Forgetful of thy Fathers, my *Ozmin's* Death,
 By thy fond Tears shall my just Vengeance lag :
 No, were Mankind to beg a Moments stay,
 And future Happiness hung on the Prayer,
 The Race shoud be undone ere I'd delay
 The piercing Wracks my boundless rage has form'd.

Zel. Head-long cruel Rage ! what Voice can move ye ?
 Mercy alone shoud dwell in your soft Breast,
 And in that Face, the lovely Work of Nature :
 Those Eyes which drew great *Ozmin* to adore,
 Have lost their tender Fires, no Pity left :
 Can you love and not Commiserate a Lover ?
 O, my *Abinomin* will by your Fury dye !
 And afterwards his Innocence appear !
 Think, Madam, then, how you your self will grieve !
 Ha ! the bare Imagination tears my Brain,
 And turns my Senses into wild Despair !
 Hear me, hear me kneeling ; look on me ; thus
 Behold my streaming Eyes : Let my poor Hands,
 That tremble as they grasp ye, move your Heart.
 Heaven oft delays, when Vengeance is most just ;
 And he is innocent : Forbear a while,
 My Mother, my Hope, my only Refuge !

Aben. Stand off, nor dare pollute me with thy hold,
 The fell Monster, stain'd with the horrid Deed,
 Is not more dreadful to my aking Sight.
 From noble *Ozmin's* Loyns couldst thou Proceed ?
 How ill repaid is all his love and care !
 Is this the fond'd Maid ? Her Fathers Joy !
 Who for his Blessing never kneel'd in Vain ;
 Whose Tenderneſs supply'd all Offices of Love ;
 Who Nurst thy Infant Beauties, till they grew
 To an admir'd height ; smil'd on the perfect Work,
 And prais'd our Prophet, at the wondrous Sight ;

Is his Remembrance lost, then foolish Girl ?
 Pleadst thou for that curst Youth by whom he fell ?
 Away, ungrateful ! unhand me, Sorceress !
 To *Abinomin's* Destruction I will fly,
 Swift as the lightning Darts from angry Heaven,
 My Wrath shall crush the vile Wretch to nothing.

(Exit.

Zelin. Unerring Powers ! What means this cruelty ?
 Oh, she is gone ! gone to destroy my Love,
 The Treasure of my Soul, best of his Race,
 And I, forlorn, must never see him more.
 Then let sad darkness seal these useless Eyes,
 Least I curse the chearful Light :
 All Objects the returning Hours in their heavy March
 Shall bring along, hateful now for ever.
 What shall I Act ? I have great Examples :
 Fam'd *Portia*, how she lov'd her *Brutus* ;
Brutus, not half so much deserv'd as thee,
 His Fate was then in doubt, mine is certain.
 Say, canst thou not rid me of this Anguish ?
 Fetch me a Draught that gives Eternal Rest ;
 On this burthen'd Earth I'll leave my Sorrows :
 The Peaceful Grave refuses none ; the Wretch,
 In that dark Night lyes down, and hopes to find
 A blisful Morning : Haste, bring me Comfort

Zaida. Will you then leave your Love, this darling Youth ?
 Leave him a Prey to his relentless Foes ;
 Rather to the Prince your sad Petition make,
 He has lov'd ; Love lets Compassion in :
 The Prince must be mov'd at your Afflictions,
 And will grant at least that you may see him.

Zelin. Ha ! thou hast wak'd desire ; a fond desire
 Once again to view that dear Sufferer ;
 To tell the mournful Things, my Soul contains ;
 To part so sadly, that my Heart may break ;

Put on this sable Veil, then be my guide :
 Thus, like the Daughter of Despair, I'll move,
 Whilst Tears and Prayers solícite for my Love.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE the Palace.

Enter Abdolin meeting Selim.

Abd. Hast thou obey'd our Orders,
 And summon'd all these Harpies of the Law,
 Whose business 'tis to Murder by Authority ?

Selim. I have, and they will meet with speed :
 But, Oh ! I have a Tale will make you sigh ;
 As I pass'd hither I beheld a sight,
 Which forc'd Compassion from my stony Heart ;
 The beautiful Wife of the *Abencerrago*,
 The hopeless fair *Zelinda* comes this way,
 From the *Alhambra* Tower she slowly moves,
 In Sables Veil'd, the Emblems of her Grief ;
 Her pompous Train by weeping Virgins born.
 Whilst all stand gazing at the sad Procession,
 Which strikes with horror each Beholder dumb.

Abd. Oh, Love ! what Heccatombs are due to thee !
 How well hast thou repai'd her haughty scorn !
 Withdraw, and see that she have quick admittance,
 But keep her Women in the outer Room ;
 Thy care, my *Selim*, shall be well rewarded. (*Ex. Selim.*)
 Which way shall I receive this lovely Charmer ?
 My kindling Veins confess the Goddess near ;
 Hope and Despair, Desire and Fear at once
 Assault my Heart, in bright *Zelinda's* Name.

Enter

Enter Zelinda Veil'd : Speaks entering.

Zel. Protect me, Heaven ! for I am left alone,
To what in happier Days I shou'd have fear'd,
But now *Abinomin* is all my Thought,
And self Regard is lost.

See, gracious Prince, a wretched Suppliant.

(Kneeling.)

Abd. *Zelinda*, rise, nor doubt thy wish'd success ;
Throw off that envious Veil, and be assur'd
Thy charming Eyes will force me to comply,
Tho' thy Request shou'd prove my utter ruine.

Zelin. Ruine, alas, is my unhappy Portion !
O ! may you never taste the bitter Draught ;
I have a Husband, dear to me as Life ;
O cruel turn of Speech ! I had a Father,
But he is murder'd by Inhumane Villains !
Hard is my Fate, and worthy of your Pity ;
To sue when Malice has the least appearance ;
To call my dearest Lord his deadly Foe——
But they are all forsworn, most perjur'd all :
By the sacred Powers, in these Arms I held him,
When that curst Deed was done.

Abd. Ten Thousand Plagues Revenge that Theft of Love.

(Aside.)

I fear, *Zelinda*, your averring this
Is not of force to clear *Abinomin* ;
But to the Righteous Law his Cause is left ;
I am no Judge, what would you have of me ?

Zelin. Be you my Friend, and all I wish is granted ;
I fear the practis'd wresting of the Law ;
I fear Revenge, disguis'd like awful Justice ;
I fear my Mother's boundless cruelty ;

The

The haste she makes is dreadful to my Thoughts:
 Stay but till *Albovade* can hear the News,
 That he may come and save his guiltless Son.

Abd. For such delay, what wou'd *Zelinda* give ?

Zel. The World wou'd be too little for Reward ;
 Cou'd the vast Sea give up its numerous Wrecks,
 Which, since the first unskilful Pilot-ventur'd,
 Has been o'rewhelm'd in the profound Abyss ;
 Or cou'd devouring Flames restore the Wealth
 Which they have snatch'd from greedy Misers Hoards ;
 Cou'd they repair the Havock they have made
 Of Temples, Palaces, and spacious Cities ;
 Saw I this Treasure heap'd in one huge Pile,
 And all the shining Massy Store was mine ;
 Without a wish or thought to save the Trash,
 I'd give it to retrieve my Husbands Fate.

Abd. To give what we esteem not is meer Trash,
 Indeed, a very Trifle, not worth naming.
 Therefore, were all you speak of in your Power,
 Still you would offer nothing for your Lord.

Zelin. Instruct me, Sir, O ! take my Life, and save him !

Abd. And wou'dst thou part with Life, thou tender fair one ?
 Now I will speak to thee, and urge my Suit ;
 You feel the Pangs of inauspicious Love,
 Rackt with Despair ; just now you knelt to me——
 But see, I throw me trembling at thy Feet ;
 Behold thy Prince is thy Petitioner !
 I suffer greater pains than thou canst paint ;
 Nay, look not round, here is no cause for fear ;
 No force is threaten'd with these languid Eyes ;
 I wou'd obtain my Bliss by softer means.

Zelin. Is this a time, ye Powers ! to hear of Love ?

Abd.

Abd. It is my only time, for you must love me;
Or what's as well, grant me the Effects of Love ;
If you refuse, my happy Rival dyes.

Zelin. Then he must dye——

Abd. O, think again ! before thou dost resolve——
Think what I offer for Imperfect Joy.
To take thee thus polluted as thou art,
Nor Soul nor Body left intirely mine ;
To place thee on *Granada's* awful Throne ;
And send *Abinomin* safe to *Albovade* ;
Forgetting rivall'd Love, and murder'd *Ozmin* ;
This is no easy Task ; Oh, think and yield !

Zelin. Yield to what ! for my distracted Soul
By halves the cruel meaning understands.
But Oh ! too plain I find I am undone !
Too well I see the Rigour of my Fate !
That all my Prayers are lost in fleeting Air,
And move not Heaven nor Man to my Relief !
Where shall I make my last Appeal for Justice ?
To whom shall I prefer my last Request ?
That I once more may see my wrong'd *Abinomin* !

Abd. Before you ask again, your Suit is granted ;
Yes, stubborn Beauty, you shall see *Abinomin*.
Who waits there ?

Enter Selim.

Bring here the Pris'ner, this is your Warrant. (*Gives a Ring.*)
See, Madam, I am generous, and leave you,
In my own Palace, to receive your Love.
Your Father's Murder will exact his Chains ;

Woe.

Were he but clear from that, he shou'd be free

(Exit

Abdolin, Selim.

Zelin. What means this sudden turn ? No good I'm sure,
For goodness is a Stranger in *Granada* ;
Yet Heaven forbears, till repining Crimes compel
The unwilling Vengeance, to perform its Office :
Then, like the blast of Death, without distinction,
It falls promiscuously on all our Heads.
Hear me, great Prophet ; spare the Innocent,
Spare my *Abinomin* my guiltless Husband :
But see my fainting Limbs bend me to Earth ;
Look down ye Powers thro' all those blest Tracts of Light ;
Regard my Prayers and Pity my Afflictions.

Enter Abinomin.

Abin. What Cherubs that fixt on its Native Heaven !
'Tis my *Zelinda* ! my Hearts dearest Treasure :
How came this Gleam of Joy allow'd to me ?
O, let me steal insensibly along !
Least the rude noise of these vile slavish Chains
Disturb my better Angel as I raise her.

Zelin. 'Tis he ! it's my Love, my Life my Husband ;
Come, seat thee by me, on this cold hard Floor,
And let us here improve our latest Moments,
Forget the horror that our Fate allots,
And talk of Love, for sure you love me still.

Abin. (Witness ye mighty Rulers of the World)
To the Eternal Ardour of my Soul !
O, my *Zelinda* ! I am lost in Thought,
And Words but poorly can relate my Passion :
Not Gold to Misers, Glory to the Brave,
Nor smiling Mercy to the kneeling Penitent,

Is half so dear as thou art to *Abinomin* :

Thy pleasing Accents thrill thro' every Vein ;
And with soft Transports, tremble at my Heart.

Zelin. 'Tis hard, 'tis wondrous hard, that we must die
In sight of all the Happiness we wish,
The endless Joys which mutual Love would give ;
But sure there is a Paradise in being ;
Where spotless Lovers meet again hereafter :
So our great Prophet taught us to believe,
When we shall meet secure from barb'rous Foes ;
And long unnumber'd Years, taste true Felicity ;
My Father's sacred Ghost will there acquit thee,
And own us for his Children, will he not ?

Abin. Talk not so mournfully, I cannot bear it.

Zelin. Come to my Arms thou best of Humane Kind,
And rest thy sorrows on my tender Bosom.
Give me thy poor Chain'd Hands, that I may grasp them ;
Here let our sorrows end, here fix us Fate,
The Everlasting Monument of Love.

Enter Abdolin and Selim.

Abd. Ha ! but I shall wake you from your Extasie ;
'Tis well the Scene is heightn'd to my wish :
Back to thy Dungeon, treacherous Murderer,
And leave thy Wife to be possess'd by me.

Abin. You dare not touch her ; no, by Heaven, you dare not,
With all thy Scarlet Sins about thy Soul ;
Her sacred Virtue will have Power to awe thee.
Thou canst not wrong her, 'tis impossible ;
The Guard and Seal of Providence is on her ;
Which will defend the chaste imploring Fair,
Tho' I shou'd fall a Victim to thy hate.

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Thou canst not wrong her, 'tis impossible ;
The Guard and Seal of Providence is on her ;
Which will defend the chaste imploring Fair,
Tho' I shou'd fall a Victim to thy hate.

Abd. Rave on, thou canst not talk me from my Purpose ;
Selem, take hence the Prisoner——

Young Hero, say, whose shall *Zelinda* be ?
 Now turn thy gloomy Eyes despairing back,
 And curse in vain, thy cruel Fate and me.

Abin. Wretch that I am, thus to be made thy scorn !
 Faithless, Inhumane Monster ! canst thou Hope
 Heaven's Righteous Vengeance will for ever Sleep ?
 O my tormented Heart ! What can I do ?
 My Eye-balls sure will burst their Lucid Globes ;
 I cannot bear the Malice of my Fortune——
Zelinda, Oh, my Wife !

Zelin. My Husband, my *Abinomin* ! O save me !
 Save thy *Zelinda* from the Tyrant's Power.

Aben. Ha ! Will not my Hands break these ignoble Chains ?
 And can Despair do nothing for my Love ?
 Then let me know the Fortune of a Slave ;
 And throwing thus my self across your way,
 Grasping your Robe, and trembling at your Feet,
 In all the humble Language of Affliction,
 Implore your Pity, and prevent your Crime :
 See, Prince ! no common Cause cou'd urge these Tears !
 Oh ! swear you will not violate my Wife !

Abd. No Power on Earth, shall make me quit my Prey ;
 Much less a crawling Wretch, whom I despise :
 VWhere are our Guards ?

Enter Guards.

Take back this hated Murderer to his Prison ;
 There let him rave, or pray to list'ning VValls.

Zelin. Thy fetter'd Hands have yet a little hold,
 Oh keep me here ! Torture, it will not be ;

Help !

Help ! Murder ! Hear me, Prophet ! sink the Tyrant !
there no Succour ? Oh, *Abinomin* !

Abin. (*falling*) Furies and Hell ! it is not to be born !

(*Exit Abdolin forcing off Zelinda.*)

Selim. This is no Place to entertain your Griefs ;
You heard our Orders were to bear you back.

Abin. Ha ! did you not hear a VVoman call for help ?
Had you Mothers, and will you not assist her ?

Selim. She's with the Prince and cannot want our Aid,
Nor is the care of her your Province now.

Abin. It may be 'tis not ! Heaven, can I hear these Sufferings
These most unequall'd VVrongs ! Yet keep my Temper !
No, for my Brain is on the Virge of madness !

VVhere is she ? VVhere's my VVife ? my lovely Bride ?
Speak, *Selim* ! Villain ! Flatterer ! Parasite !

I know thee well, thou Factor for Damnation !

VVhere's my *Zelinda* ? my poor helpless Love ?

Go snatch her from the Tyrant's brutal Power ;

And give her safe to my despairing Arms ;

Or I will tear thee, Slave, to Atoms, tear thee !

Selim. Take off this Madman, bear him to his Dungeon,
Darkness best suits Distraction.

Abin. Alas ! it does ; then do as he commands,
And bury me in Everlasting Darkness ;

VVhere gloomy Night in solemn Sadness Reigns ;

There let me rest, for I am sick of Day ;

Silence, Despair and Death can better please me ;

VVelcome ye baleful Sounds ; Oh, my *Zelinda* ! (*Exit guarded.*)

Enter Oliman.

Oli. How do's my Fate surround me !
On distant Plains the invading *Spaniards* lye,

Within the Walls, from fierce contending Factions.
 Dreadful Events, and dayly Horrors rise,
 Yet in my Bosom, greater Wars than those;
 Ambition, Murder, Love, Remorse, Despair,
 Rage with malignant Force, and threaten Ruine.
 I stand uneasie, because I stand unsafe;
 My Enemies destroy'd, my Peace returns;
 Now with just Cause I fear,
Albovades Messengers every Hour repell'd;
 Assures me, there's Important News from thence.
 I must be speedy to dispatch his Son;
 Then all is mine, the fair *Zelinda* mine;
 For there's the beautiful Cause that works my Brain,
 And animates my Soul with Resolution.

Enter Zaida.

Za. Degenerate *Oliman*, stand'st thou idly here!
 Unaiding to the fairest of her Sex,
 Who sinks beneath most vile Indignities.

Oli. Indignities, from whom?

Za. The Prince! he bears *Zelinda* thro' the Palace;
 Pretends only to keep her from her Husband,
 But towards his own *Seraglio* drags the Fair.
 Whilst her loud Screams alarm the affrighted Hearers.

Oli. Fly, and Prevent the intended Violence;
 I'll follow with Religious Holy Train,
 To warn him to the Tryal of *Abinomin*.

Za. Be swift, the Dangers Eminent. —

(*Exit*

Oli. I find *Granada's* Ruine is decreed.
 This lovely *Helen*, fatal as the first —
 With her bright Eyes will do the Work of *Spain*;
 And whilst we burn with most resistless Fires,

The

The poor neglected City we shou'd aid,
 Becomes a Prey to Wars-devouring Rage.
 But why do I Pause ? the Prince now has her.
 Oh *Zelinda* ! Let thy Genius guard thee,
 But for a Moment longer, and thou art safe ;
 Then hated *Oliman* will bring Deliverance——
 So the Ambitious Monarch seems a Friend,
 Saves the fair Province from some mightier Crown,
 Then snatches the bright Jewel to enrich his own.

(Exe.

End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT.

A C T V.

Enter Oliman and Zelinda.

Zelin. **H**OW shall I pay my Thanks to Heaven and you ?
 To Heaven alone I wou'd have ow'd all ;
 My honest Nature never us'd disguise,
 Nor never will ; now I blush with Horror,
 And curse my Fate, to be preserv'd by thee,
 Foe to my Lord, and always my Aversion.

Oli. Cruel sound ! my ill Fate from thence took Birth ;
 From your Disdain my dire misfortunes rise ;
 Unconquer'd is your scorn ; so is my Love ;
 Whose warm Pursuit shall give thee endless Chace ;
 Strike its Fires against thy flinty Bosom,
 Till kindling Sparks return——

Zelin. Poor *Zelinda* ! Ah ! whither art thou fall'n ?
 When your great Master liv'd, ye durst not then,
 No not in Whispers Breath your sawcy Flame ;
 I'm grown the common Object of Mankind ;
 And every idle Tongue Prophanes me now
 With their unlicens'd Love——

Why do I stay, or trifle Time with thee ?
 Time, whose dread Moments bring my danger on ;
 Danger, that threatens Life and dearer Peace,
 Oh, my *Abinomin* !——

Oli. Still dost thou weep for the *Abencerrago* ?
 These Tears for ever fully thy fair Fame !
 Obedient Daughters will curse thy Memory ;

The fond Sire view, with Grief, some darling Child;
Least after all his Care it proves like thee.

Think, Madam, 'tis your Father's Murderer.

Zelin. Falser than Hell your Accusation is :
Away, and let me pass ; Nor Heaven nor Men
Shall bar my Purpose ; I'll suffer with him :
My Lives Reward, Joy of my Eyes and Heart !
Help ! *Alla!* Let me or dye, or save him.

(*Exit.*

Oli. Alas ! weak Raver ! thy Noise avails not ;
My sure Design shall sweep this Darling off ;
And Invention still labouring on,
Crown at last, even with thee, my Wishes.

Enter Abenede.

Aben. Speak, *Oliman*, that my sunk Heart may rise,
And at the dismal Sound taste cruel Joy ;
Shall the accurst *Abencerrago* die ?
Hast thou prepar'd the Judges of our Law ?

Oli. I have chose out Men, whose Aim's Preferment ;
VVhose VVills are subject to the Prince's Power ;
VVho make the stubborn Laws take bent that way ;
Condemn or save, as his Nod guides their Votes.
But here, alas, there is no need to stretch
And screw, wiredraw each wanting Circumstance ;
His Guilt, the horrid Murder, is too plain.

Aben. He is Guilty ! And my Revenge is just ;
I'm convinc'd, I'll therefore to the last pursue,
And rejoyce in all his torturing VVoës.
To loose our Daughter, when his Hopes are Young ;
To fall and be in thoughtless Dust forgot,
In part atones, my dear, my murder'd Lord :
But never shall my wrathful Vengeance cease,

Till *Albovade* fills the black List of Death ;
 Till with Disdain I spurn my hated Prey ;
 Then to the World proclaim, with a Triumphant Voice,
 'Twas for my Love : Thus is Cruelty repaid.

Oli. Wou'd that bright Fair resent her Fathers fall,
 Thus wou'd the soft *Zelinda* learn to Rage,
 We indeed might hope to Triumph o're our Foes ;
 Her Tears are only shed for the base Villain ;
 All her Prayers put up to Heaven to save *Abinomin*.

Aben. Most severe's the Punishment that Fault requires,
 Therein our Great Prophet shows his Justice :
 But my noble Kinsman still I perceive,
 Midst our Wrongs, still is *Zelinda* nam'd ;
 Revenge my *Ozmin*'s Death, there's thy Reward ;
 If thou canst blot the Crime of heedless Love,
 The guilty Bride is streight transferr'd to thee

Oli. Alas ! no more, Joy suits not misfortunes:
 In calmer Times my Service pleads for me.

Aben. Heark, the Prince is passing to the Castle ;
 Move on to joyn the solemn State of Woe,
 Fill the sad Place, and raise Revenge and Pity.

(*Trumpets here.*

(*Exeunt.*
Flourish Trumpets.

Enter Abdolin, Selim and Guards.

Abd. Selim, Surround this Place with our Guards ;
Abinomin dispatch'd, we'll seize *Zelinda* ;
 She has wrought my Passion to the highest Pitch,
 And she shall find the Fury of my Love.
 My Soul is stript of all that's soft and kind,
 My extended Veins are workt by subtle Fires,
 That carry to my Heart new boiling Rage.

Mark,

Mark : Let those Guards fall first on *Oliman*,
 That Traytor, who with seeming Holyness,
 Forc'd, with his canting Tribe, my Apartments ;
 Making his impious Way, where Princes Reign
 In sacred Secresy ; acting without Controul ;
 From thence he, and a sawey Dervise, bore *Zelinda*,
 For which, the Tryal over,
 Print with a Thousand Wounds, the darling Slave ;
 I shall rejoyce to see the Purple Flood —
Selim, take care of this —

Selim. Our lost Estate, who must take care of that ?
 From *Albavade* this Castle's now besieg'd ;
 His Heralds hourly pressing to be heard ;
 The *Spaniards* at our intestine Broils prepare,
 And march apace, secure of Victory.

Abd. Let 'em come on ; Come *Albavade* ; Come all :
 I'll in the general Ruine perish —
 Give me *Zelinda* : Grasping that rich Prize,
 With Beauty blest, I'd lose another *Troy* !
 Away, lead to the mourning *Abenede* ;
 Then to the place where our Revenge begins. (*Exeunt*)

Court of Justice, Judges sitting Discover'd.

*Enter Abdolin leading Abenede, Oliman, Zelinda, Zaida,
 Guards, &c.*

Guar. Make way there : Room for the Prince.

Jud. Bring forth the Prisoner and his Accusers —
 In this Seat of Justice, grac'd by our Prince,
 Let awful Universal Silence Reign,
 That where the precious Jem, Life's at Stake,
 The World may judge and take the Righteous side.

Enter Abinomin, Abafs and Slaves.

Zelin. My dearest Lord ! *(Runs to Abinomin.)*

Abin. Do I behold thy Face ? then thou art safe,
I know from Violation thou art safe ;
Else those dear Eyes had look'd no more abroad ;
Their modest Beams had blest my Soul no more.

Abd. Most Reverend Fathers, is this allowed ?
Your sacred Courts the Place for amorous Conference :
The Inquisition made for Bloody a Jest
For Murder ; the Murder of our Nobles !

Judge. Ha ! for shame ! Can that be *Ozwin's* Daughter ?

Zelin. Sirs, I am his Daughter, by him belov'd :
Nor will I blush to add, the Wife of this——
Of this brave Man, whom Malice wou'd destroy.

Aben. Whom Mercy cannot save : My Lords, Proceed,
And here the Guilty Scene——

Abd. First, *Abenede*, something shou'd be said of you,
Thou best of Wives, of Women most deserving :
Henceforth when *Ozwin's* Noble Deeds are sung,
In the Annual Round to Heroes sacred,
Still they shall sing, and still remember thee ;
Even latest Times shall bless thy spotless Name,
And thou shalt stand recorded for a Pattern.

Aben. Undeserv'd's my Praise, nor can I perform
The half my Wrongs from Justice self requires——
You, my Lords, and you, Great Prince, hear my Cause :
You hold the equal Balance, you decide,
Ozwin was a Patritian, a Father :
You, Fathers, then Revenge, Revenge his Death ;
This is the Slave that Wretch led on, hiring
Him, and his black Associates, with Hells Wages,

To

c destroy my Lord——

Judg. Stand forward, Slave, give him the *Alcoran* ;
And on that let him swear to speak the Truth.

Abass. So help me *Alla*, as I do——

Judg. Look on the Prisoner and speak.

Abass. The Prisoner, Lord *Abinomin*, having
Retain'd me, and other Slaves of *Africk*,
After great Rewards, for small Service,
With solemn sure Promise of our Freedoms,
And Wealth above the Wishes of a Slave,
Led us on, all disguis'd in horrid Forms,
Arming each with a keen Poyson'd Dagger ;
The first sad stroke was given by his own Hand ;
We join'd the black Deed : thus great *Ozmin* fell.

Judg. What follow'd then ?

Abass. *Oliman* came with a Party of Horse ;
We fled ; *Abinomin* back to the Palace,
VVe to the Quarter, where we lay conceal'd ;
At Night my Fellow Slaves, those that were left
(For two fell by Valiant *Ozmin's* Sword)
The rest the Prisoner summon'd to meet him :
Their Death, I guess, ended the dark Cabal ;
For I have never since beheld the Wretches.

Judg. Horrid Fact, Bloody and Unnatural !——
Now, *Oliman*, stand you forth and declare
How you found your noble Kinsman——

Oli. In the last Pangs of Life, he only cryed,
Revenge me Friend ; Revenge me on those Fiends ,
My Daughter the Prize of the Discovery——
This said, his Agonies came faster on,
And Death at last subdu'd the God-like Man——
Then when we sent up our fruitless Prayers,
Whilst we offer'd fruitless Aid around him,
Albovade, with thrice our Strength from his Fort,

In this sad Extasie of Grief surpriz'd us ;
 Forc'd the Body from us ; and with vile Language,
 Most Inhumane Taunts, turn'd our Woes to Scorn——
 The cirst Remembrance stops my future Speech
 With rising Rage and eager Warmth for our Revenge.

Abin. May I speak yet——

Judg. No ; and Guilt shou'd for ever stop thy Mouth.
 My Lord, you knew not any as they fled ?

Oli. I did not, my good Father, yet I thought
 I heard a Voice, which I had known before,
 I cannot swear it was *Abinomin's*——
 Tho' on my Conscience, which our Prophet knows,
 I wou'd not wrong, I think I might——

Abd. Fathers and Judges, sure, nothing, no Crime,
 Since Murder first stain'd our polluted Earth,
 And drew dire Vengeance down, had plainer Proof :
 Our self must be Advocate against him——
 His Clandestine Marriage with that weeping Fair
 Made his Condition desperate to *Ozmin* ;
 The Noble *Zegree* cou'd not break such Union ;
 So to secure the inimitable Maid,
 'Tis evident he has dispatcht her Father.

Aben. In this sad Case (too much alas ! my own)
 Permit me, Reverend Sirs, to appeal——

For mine's the Woe, and mine's the Punishment——
 That Traytor knew her Father wou'd to Death,
 Pursue his Theft, his unwarrantable Love :

Our Laws require, that before a *Cady*
 The Nuptials of our Nobles are approv'd——
 This Guilty Pair, without that sacred Licence,
 Like pale Adulterers, stole to their unblest Joys ;
 Nay, and with a Parents Murder seal'd them.

Judg. These are convincing Arguments of Guilt ;
 What canst thou say, abandon'd to thy Shame ?

Of Mankind most Guilty, and most abhor'd ?
 The black Angel which of thy Life had care,
 Can teach thee alone to excuse such Crimes——
 Now thou hast Licence, speak——

Abin. No, I disdain to Plead ; that trifle Life
 Shall not urge an Answer in such a Court :
 A Court byass'd by that Princes Presence ;
Abdolin hates me on a double score ;
 First for my Family ; more for my Love,
 Thy Deeds, Oh ! Prince, and mine, were they expos'd,
 As in the eternal Book they stand recorded,
 Who then shou'd blush ?-----

Abd. Ha ! The Reviling Dog, the Murderer !
 Let him not speak ! I charge ye hear no more !

Zelin. Was ever Criminal deny'd to Plead ?
 Much less the Innocent, Oh hear him, hear him !

Abin. I have not much to say ; be not alarm'd ;
 The Law, our Guide, directly has pronounc'd
 The Accuser in Combat the Accused meet,
 Relying on the Great Righteous *Alla*,
 To clear with Victory, the juster side ;
 This is the All I ask ; and this I think,
 Since first our Prophet rose, has been allow'd.

Judg. To doubtful Causes it is often granted :
 But thy Guilt appears manifest and plain ;
 Calls aloud for sharp returning Vengeance ;
 For Laws severer, which asks Man for Man,
 Torment for Torment, even all that *Ozzin* felt
 Shall be thy certain Doom.

Zelin. Stay, Father ; as e're ye aim at Mercy
 In your last approaching Fears, your latest Hour,
 Listen to these my Women, who will prove
 The Moment, *Ozzin* fell he was far off
 From Power or thought of Mischief. *Zaida* speak.

Zaida.

Zaida. My Lords-----

Abd. Silence, ye Slaves ; Will sacred Judges of our Law
Consent to hear their idle Foolery ?

The Things that watch her Looks, and speak from them,
Proceed to Judgment ; the whole Court assents.

Aben. Oh, Daughter oppose no more such Justice.

Zelin. Ye conscious Heaven ! Thou Guilty Earth !
That brought forth these Destroyers ! Is there no help ?

Judg. Madam, be silent, or remove.

Zelin. I'll not remove ; fix upon that Form ;
Then grow Dumb, and petrified with sorrow !
Look, my Lords, with my Eyes, is Murder there ?

Judg. Silence.

Abin. Be calm, my dearest Love, all will be well.

Judg. Lord *Abinomin*, Son to *Albovade* ;
The greatest of the *Abencerrago* Race,
By the *Alcorans* just Laws thou dyest !

Zelin. Oh hold-----

Judg. Executioners, Prepare the poyson'd Steel :
Seize him ; bind back his Hands, his murderous Hands----

(they seize him.

Zelin. Ah !

(Shrieks.

Judg. Then strike thro' and thro' his treacherous Heart :
This is the Courts irrecoverable Decree.

Abd. My Lords, Let him receive his Doom without ;
The fight's too cruel for that fair ones Eyes.

Zelin. Away, away, I see it in my Mind ;
And 'tis our Mind that gives us Hell's Terrors ;
Such as I feel now.

Aben. What means this rising Pity ? *Ozmin* dead,
His Darling Daughter mourns the Murderer !
'Tis she is guilty, and not I-----

Oli. Most certain ; why delay the Slaves ? make haste.

Abin.

Abin. I am bound, and ready for the Slaughter !
 May I not thus approach my faithful Wife ?
 These fond fetter'd Arms no more shall clasp her,
 The Iron Hand of Death is like your Bonds,
 • Never to be broke-----

Zelin. Oh, my *Abinomin* ! hapless Youth ! Can I not save thee ?

Abin. Be still, my Love, and hear my dying Prayer :
 If Innocence ascends yon brightest Thrones,
 Then let the Powers have regard to me ;
 Me let their great All-seeing Justice clear :
 Let me behold thy lovely Face again,
 Freed from this horrid Accusation,
 And I'll resign the soft Charmer, the Image
 Of your Immortal selves, my dear *Zelinda* !

Zelin. Be gone, ye Slaves, there is no end of this.

Abin. My Fair, I go ; go from thee for ever.
 Do not clasp and gaze thus wildly on me :
 Forbear thy sad Concern, lest it Unman
 My Soul, and give the fierce *Zegrees* Triumph.

Zelin. Will they not take me with thee then to Death ?
 Why, must not I dye for *Ozmin's* Murder ?
 A Fathers Murther, hear ye that, ye Slaves,
 I do confess ; where are these Javelins then,
 Your Swords and Daggers ? Give 'em all to me.

Judg. Hence with the Criminal.

Zelin. Ye shall not have him ; I will hold him still.

Abin. Thou dearer far than Life, strive no more in vain,
 And if your Souls are Humane, comfort her ;
 Why d'ye use this force ? See, I obey. *(Exit.)*

Zelin. He's gone ; where, where, tell me, ye Infernals ?
 Oh thou curst Globe, swell'd and gorg'd with Crimes,
 Wilt thou bear all this weight of Wickedness,
 And yet not burst ? Then I will tear thee thus ;
 Dig up thy rotten Jaws and let Confusion in,

Make a mighty flaw in thy clos'd Womb ;
Force thee see the Sulphurous Flames beneath.

Aben. Convey the poor distracted Creature hence :
Oliman, strive to abate her sorrows.

Abd. Presume not, Slave, to raise the drooping Fair,
Leave to me the care *Zelinda* merits.

Oli. Ha ! my Fortune sure begins to leave me.

(*A Cry without*)

'Tis *Ozmin* ! 'tis Lord *Ozmin* !

Let him pass, *Ozmin* ! *Ozmin* ! (*All look amaz'd.*)

Enter Ozmin supported by Albovadé.

Albo. What close Contrivance are you hatching here,
That at first your Guards deny'd our Passage.

Zelin. My Fathers Ghost is come to save my Husband.

Aben. My Lord, and are ye then preserv'd alive ?
My Love, My Life, my Soul, art thou preserv'd !
Oh, where shall my transporting Joys begin !

Zelin. Oh, ask no Questions, but fly and save him,
Will ye not, my Father, command they shall ;
I have no Friend, and have been hardly us'd.

Ozm. What woudst thou ? this comestoo fast upon me.

Aben. Fly, Slaves, be quick ; bring back *Abinomin* !

Alb. *Abinomin* ! What had ye to do with him ?

Aben. Our mistaken Rage I fear has gone too far —
Oh, my Lord, I sicken with Joy and Grief !
To think what I have done : seize that black Slave.

Oli. Nay, then 'tistime for me to fly. (*Exit.*)

Zelin. Oh, where's my *Abinomin*

Enter

Enter Abinomin guarded.

Safe ! Unhurt ! Oh, . Prophet teach me to bear
The killing Extasie !

(Elies to Embrace him.

Abin. What sudden Turn is this,
That feebler Nature even sinks beneath
The mighty Transports ? Ha ! *Ozmin* alive !
Oh, ye juster Powers that take Regard
Of Innocence ! Speak, Father, did I set on thee.

Oz. Young Man, thou art the last I shou'd suspect ;
That Slave has the form of him that struck me.

Abafs. I have confess'd it, but have my Pardon.

Albo. Who condemn'd my Son ? Why stands the *Zegree* Prince
With sullen Pride, and a malignant Joy,
Urging Revenge, viewing with brutal Rage,
The only Comfort of my Life destroy'd ?
Perfidious *Zegree*.

Abd. Vain Railer !

Upon the *Alcaron* the Slave accused him.

Oz. It cannot be.

Zelin. No, it cannot be, believe your Daughter ;
Who knows him well, and best can plead his Cause,
Her faithful Husband's Cause.

Albo. Is he thy Husband then, thou Constant Fair ?
So 'twas design'd to unite our bleeding Factions,
And settle lasting Peace.

Zelin. Hear ye that, ye too long inveterate Stars
That rul'd *Zelinda's* Birth.

Enter Selim with Oliman, wounded

Selim. Behold, in *Oliman* the Murderer.

Oz. How !

Selim. Being by command to fall upon this Man,
We observ'd him stealing guilty away,
And freight obey'd our Orders ; he cry'd out,
I do confess the Deed ; 'twas I set *Abafs*
To murder *Ozmin*, and grieve the Blow has mist.

Abafs. Oh, fearful Coward ! whilst I continued faithful,
Still charging the Attempt on Lord *Abinomin* !

Oli. Then Fate and Death have master'd my Designs.

Oz. Ungrateful Villain ! what cou'd provoke thee ?

Oli. That fairest Creature, which you deny'd
Your large Possessions which you with-held ;
Bribes strong enough to tempt an Honesty,
Much more resolv'd than mine ; fierce *Abenede*
Joyn'd, and brought Destruction fast as I cou'd wish.

Aben. Think, *Ozmin*, 'twas Love urg'd this Cruelty.

Oz. Oh, my fair *Abenede* ! thou hast been too kind ;
Be gone, and on the Wrack let both Expire :
Sure in this Castle yet I bear Command.
Oh, *Albowade* ! my Friend, it is to thee I owe
My Life, by thy care alone retrieved :
Quickly hence, and destroy those cursed Vipers ;
Let me hear their Fall.

Oli. Yet I wou'd give a blow.

Zelin. Secure his barb'rous Hands.

(*Aims at Abinomin,
is prevented by Zelinda.*)

Abin. Still am I preserv'd by thee.
Disarm him.

Oli. You are too late.

(*Stabs himself.*)

Ha !

Ha! Ha! Ha! my Head turns giddy in the dreadful
Gloom of Death : *Abinomin*, *Zelinda*, come,
Oh! never where I must go.

(*Dyer*.)

Albo. Prince, you see the end of lawless Wishes :
Consider well and clear that angry Brow ;
Have pity on these too long injur'd Lovers.

Oz. So will we join with firm Loyal Hearts,
To aid our Country against invading Foes.

Zelin. Let me only speak to great *Abdolin* :
Oh, think, my most honour'd Master, how Poor
How Vain a thing frail Beauty is, constrain'd ;
When we exert our Charms we scarce can please,
In force those Charms are lost : Oh, give me, Sir,
To my *Abinomin*, and I will court our Prophet,
Solicite Heaven for endless Blessings on you.

Abd. What more than Magick Charms are in sweet VVords
Pronounc'd by those we love ; take her, Youth,
But take her from my sight, far, far remov'd :
Away, and lead amidst the *Spaniards* Force ;
I will grow warm in VVar, and lose the Thoughts of Love ;
For Oh! no poyson'd Dart wounds half so sure,
As the killing Beauties of that faithful Bride.

(*Exit and Guards*.)

Aben. My dearest Lord, how was your Life preserv'd?
My Soul is eager, and thirsts to learn the Story.

Oz. Next our Prophet, 'twas the care of this good Man:
Some leisure Hour shall give the Particulars,
VVhich weakness now forbids. Oh, my Brother!
Speak, are we not compleatly blest?

Albo. Read it in those pleas'd Lovers Eyes.

Abin. Remove that wretched Body, and secure
That swarthy Villain for his just Reward :

Oz.

in,
da.

Ha!

Oz. If I have any Power here in *Granada*,
 He shall on Racks expire.
 And let presuming Man take timely care,
 For Heaven offended will not always bear,
 From his sad Fate such horrid Crimes to shun;
 And time will be when Recompence must come.
 Then knowing this, who wou'd from Virtue cease?
 Since that alone crowns Life or Death with Peace.

(Exeunt



FINIS.

ent